

Jack Blanchard & Misty Morgan**"Gimme 5 Mics"**

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Aiyo, it's the Concentration Camp
The Arsenal, the return
Merciless
You emcees got alot to worry about
Y'all salute

Yo, it's the raw ferocious
The body hard-metal soloist
A poisonous comb with a strike to the throat to kill
opponents
It's still hopeless, I'm still arming verbal explosives
I'm still the coldest, I'm still the sickest, the diagnosis
I promised y'all before Moses
The promise I gave emcees
still ain't no different from what a bible oath is
A promise with a right hand, y'all fools can testify
Define the illest emcee, the machine can detect a lies
I specialize in street rhymes and telling war tales
The forecast when I brainstorm raps is all hell
I dare somebody to brag, I'll leave them hostage
gagged
The modest'll stab fast as a hand through a speed bag
'Cause I'm a battle cat, like in Iraq with a battle rap
Comin' out of a red flat with a gat and anthrax
I'm like 212 degrees celsius hotter
Beef or more live, the shiverless is getting slottered
Give me 5 mics

[Chorus (scratching)]
recognize...the illest...emcee...no doubt...coming
through with the roughness
recognize...the illest...emcee...better beleive that

They say me and mics are like Jesus Christ and a bible
scrolls
And me and mics is like Faith and Joe when they hatin'
foes
My name exposed in 96 in a demo battles
After the Rap Essentials, the critics became the battle
I wrote the first of military verse in double barrels
The first to spit Kadafi, and the first to use the nazis

The first to talk about disciples and the Vietnamese
Or hang draft in trees and invade with M-16's
Sharper than guillotines to switch blades my spit
plauges
Invades like Y2K's and sprays with verbal bullets
Including gernades, with no pins, my tounge pulled it
Bleed in fatigues, my flow's mud and sea weed
You eatin' me is like David in a fight with Golaith
Me eatin you is like the stones in the sling before he
fired 'em
Still the nicest, take any mic alive and leave it lifeless
You soon read about me in the Unsigned Hype shit
Give me 5 mics

[Chorus]

It's through the birth of skills, reincarnated, born again
Cutting the imbellicale cord, the ill emcee's born with a
pen
You fucked your article, rappers done wanna criticise
I'm different than Nas, the only thing be saying we both
wise
But otherwise I'm raw, the lord of metaphores
Strong as a pitbull's jaws, can chill with 48 bars
The hardest soloist, never speaks with hard poses
It's animated with fake hugs in the showbiz
I'm being hated and underrated, but still I made it
Got sick of this shit till everything I spit's contaminated
You know the albums of emcees that barely spit
themselves
Pay enough ill emcees just to make they shit sell
I spit napom, tick-ass raps evacuate
I'm a 4 second left time bomb, rap detonate
So fuck y'all if signing me's not negoitable
Just one of my metaphores deserve the hip-hop
quotable
Give me five mics

[Chorus]

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